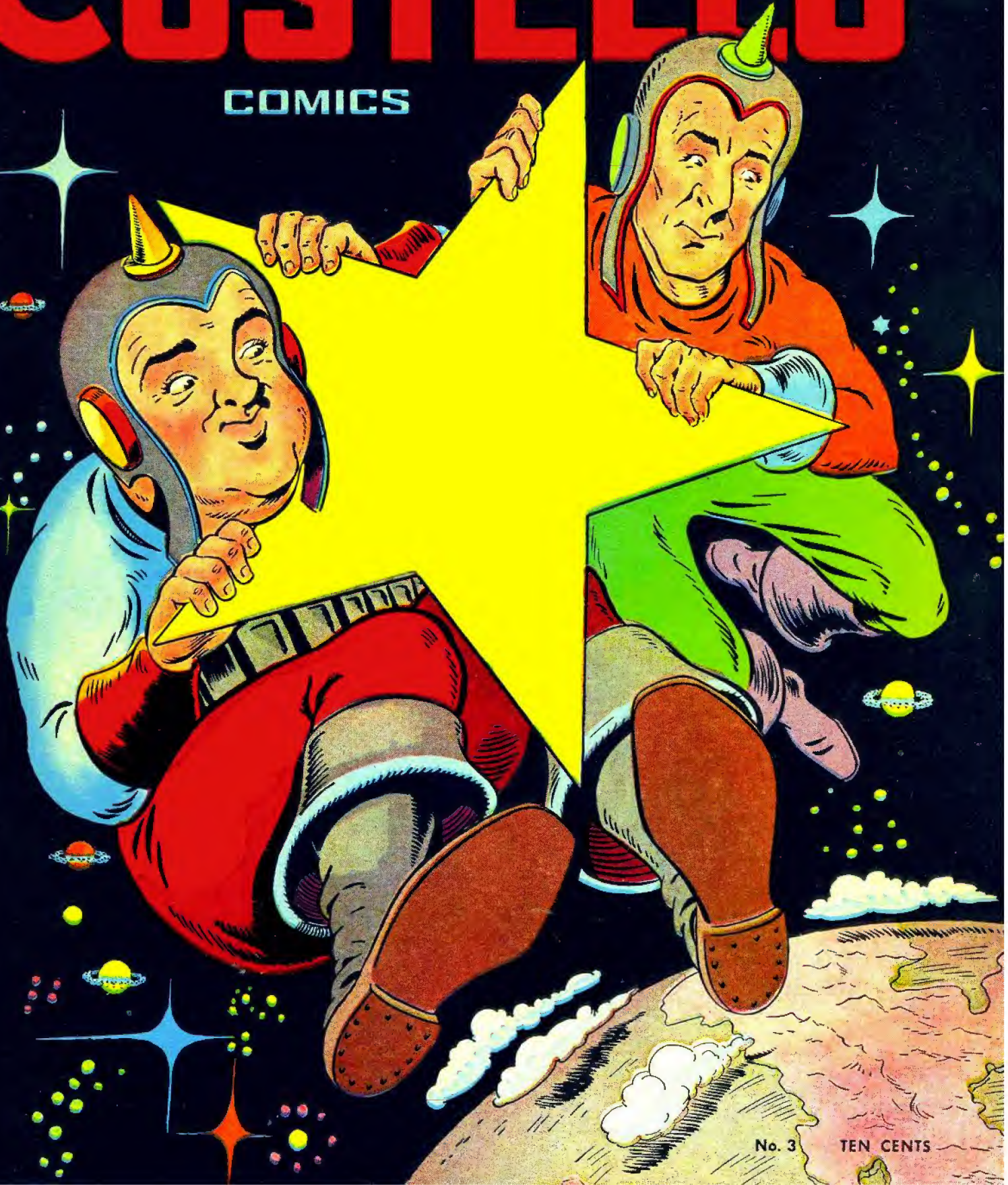


ANC

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

COMICS



No. 3

TEN CENTS

MEN! Beautiful Matching Genuine Leather Western BILLFOLD POCKET FLASHLIGHT and COWHIDE Western BELT-

Embossed Cowhide Belt

De Luxe
Quality

Beautiful
WESTERN
DESIGN!

GENUINE
LEATHER

all Three
BELT,
BILLFOLD
and FLASHLIGHT
only-

Only
\$ **2.98**

BILLFOLD
CLOSED

BUILT-IN
CHANGE PURSE

BILLFOLD
OPEN

BUILT-IN
PASS CASE

ALL-METAL POCKET FLASHLIGHT

- Ideal for home, workshop, auto and dozens of other uses.
- Complete with batteries.
- Equipped with red plastic reflector which serves as a warning signal.

THE BELT Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here is a beautiful Cowhide Belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants a rich looking stylish belt that will hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! *Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish*—expertly hand-stamped from end to end in Tooled Spanish Design by skilled belt craftsmen; gives this Texas Beauty Belt that ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width in sizes from 28 to 46 and has an all-metal buckle. Has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

THE BILLFOLD You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Western Style" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Genuine Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Embossed illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features.

THE FLASHLIGHT Here's the handiest flashlight you've ever seen. Fits into vest pocket, purse or slacks. Measures only 1 1/2" wide x 2 1/4" high and can be held in palm of hand. All metal construction exclusive of fittings. Throws a clear beam of light through center opening. In addition, the "elastic reflector" which encircles bulb gives off a bright red glow. A flick of the finger quickly turns switch on or off as desired. Ideal for finding keys or locating light buttons in the dark, for tinkering around workshop or auto, and hundreds of other uses. Beautifully finished in dura-tone color. Complete with batteries.

YOU TAKE NO RISK ORDERING THIS BEAUTIFUL MATCHING SET

We sincerely believe that this 3-piece Western set of belt, billfold and flashlight represents the finest value of its kind to be found anywhere. Convince yourself by comparing our low price of \$2.98 with what you would have to pay elsewhere. We're sure you'll agree that here's a beautiful matching set you can't afford to pass up. Rush your order at once and see for yourself. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If, after you receive your belt, billfold and flashlight set, you aren't more than pleased in every respect with the appearance and quality of this outstanding value, just return within 10 days and your money will be promptly refunded in full.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2957
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

☐ Send me the beautiful matching Genuine Leather Western Billfold, Pocket Flashlight and Cowhide Western Belt as pictured above. I will pay the postman on arrival only \$2.98 C.O.D. plus 22c Federal tax and few cents postage. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for full refund.

This is my belt size (state your size from 28 to 46) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save all shipping charges I am enclosing in advance with this order \$2.98 plus 22c Fed. Tax (total \$3.20). Ship my set postage prepaid.

Examine For 10 Days On Money-Back Guarantee

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO COMICS, Volume 1, No. 3 July 1948. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.00 for two years, in the United States and Canada; elsewhere, \$2.00 for two years, in U. S. funds. Published quarterly by St. John Publishing Co., Publication office, 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass., Editorial and Executive offices, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Telephone MU 7-6623. Application for entry as second class matter is pending at the Post Office, Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1948 by St. John Publishing Co. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. of A.

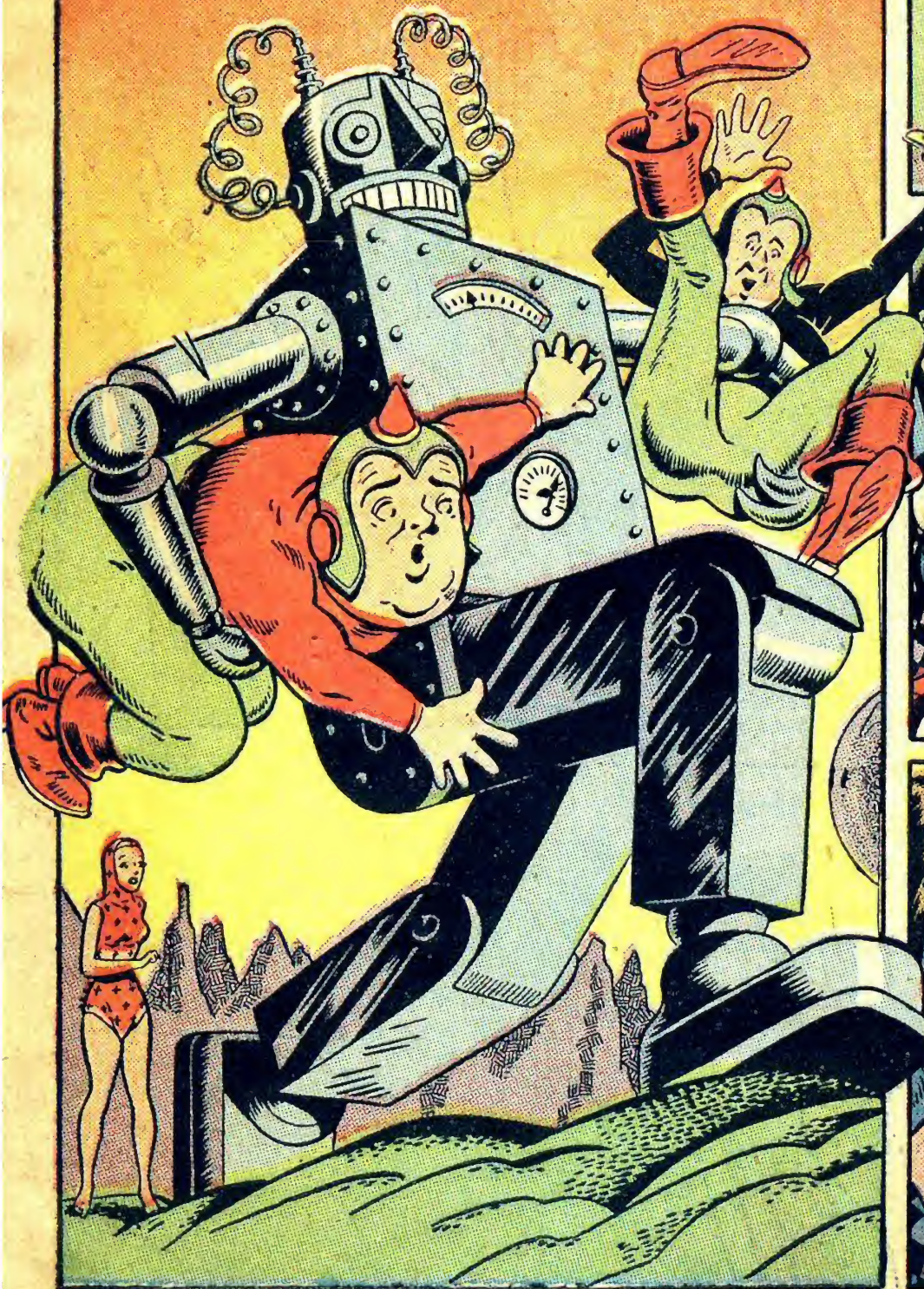
ABBOTT and COSTELLO

in "ABOUT SPACE"

A Story With a Future

by JOHN GRAHAM

Illustrated by LILLY RENEE' and
ERIC PETERS



WELL, COME ON THEN. WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

MY...
PUFF!
BARREL.

AH, TWO
FINE LADS!
YOU'RE SENT
FROM HEAVEN!

NO. WE WERE
SENT FROM
BROOKLYN.
BUT WE
WANT TO
WORK.

AND SO
YOU SHALL.
BUT FIRST
YOUR COSTUMES.
THIS WAY
QUICKLY!

HEY, ABBOTT.
WHAT KIND OF
A SUIT IS THIS
... ONLY ONE
PAIR OF
PANTS!

QUICKLY. THERE'S
NO TIME TO LOSE.
YOU SEE, WE'RE
FLYING TO MARS!

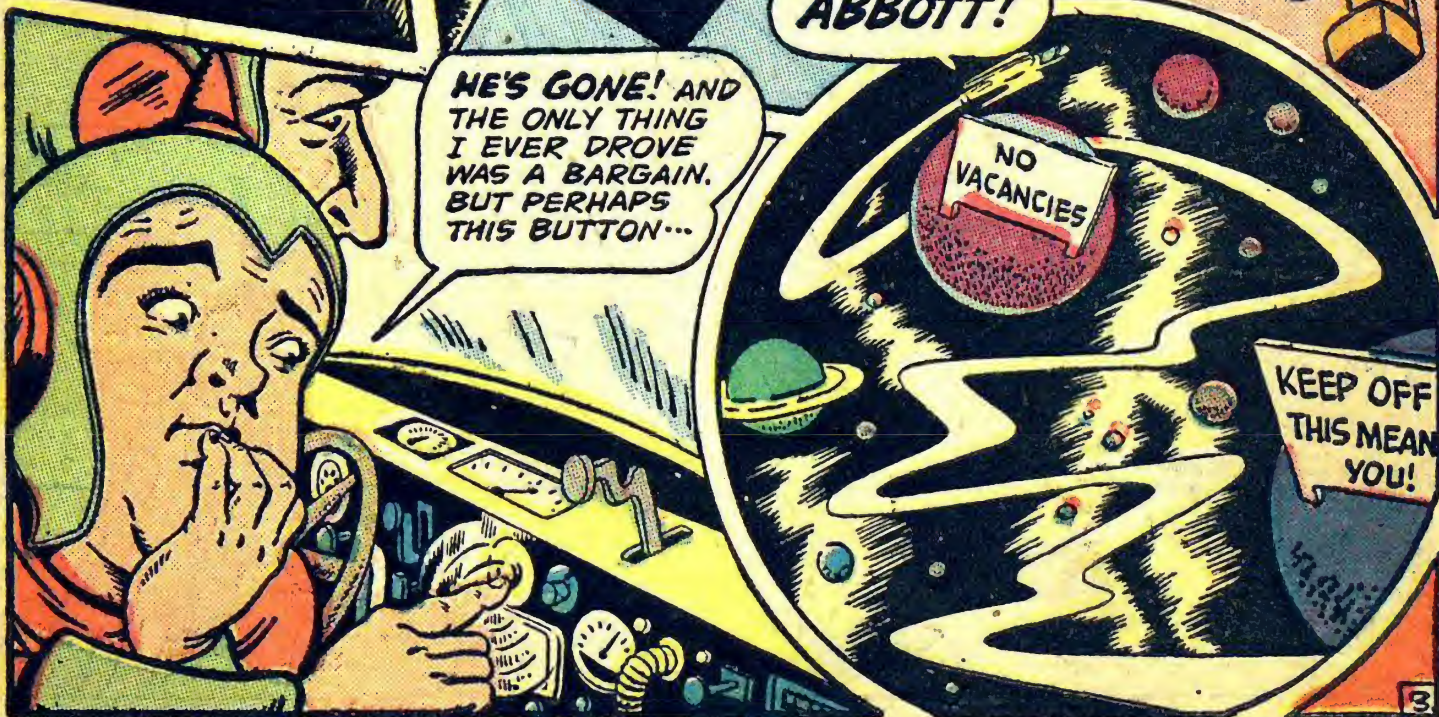
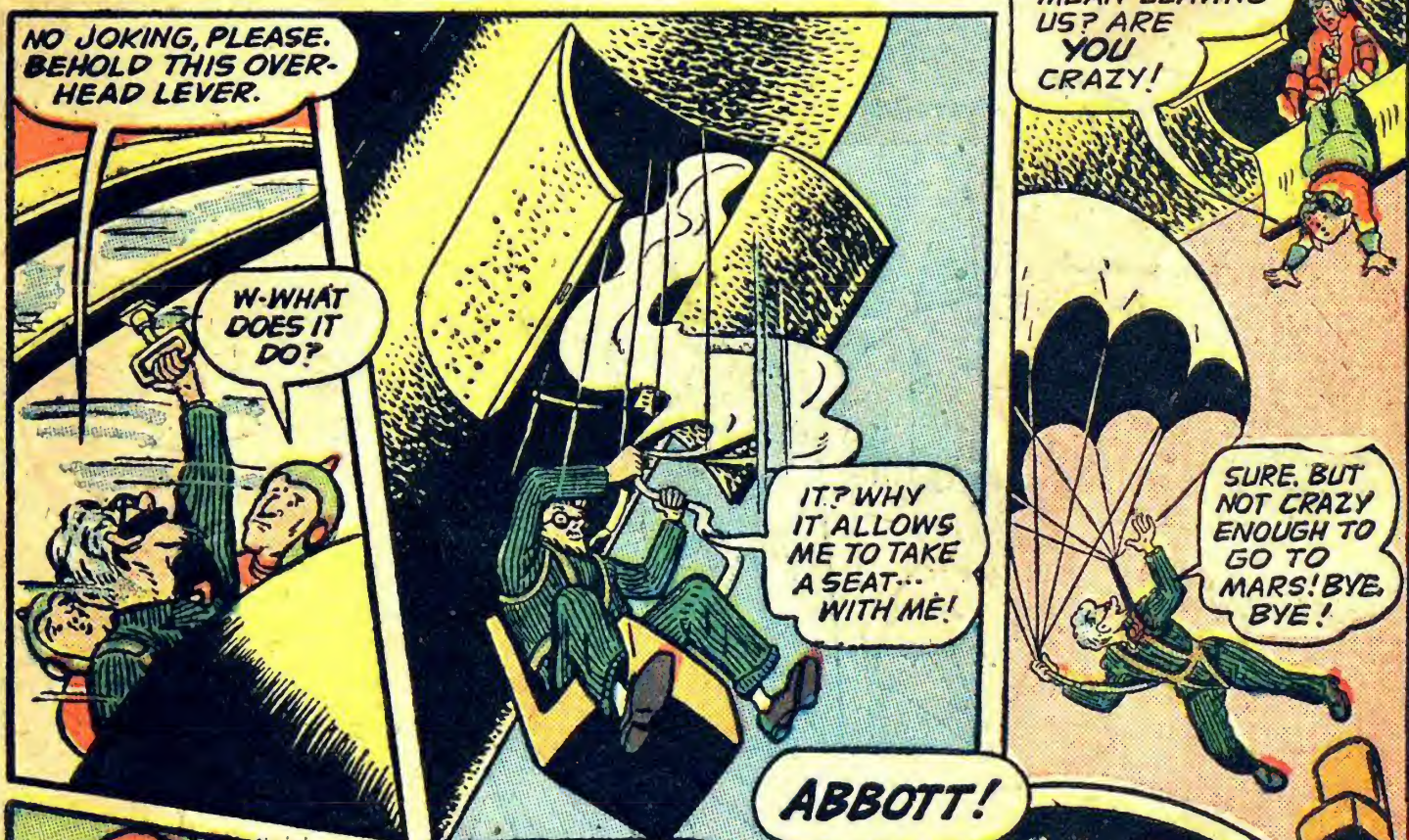
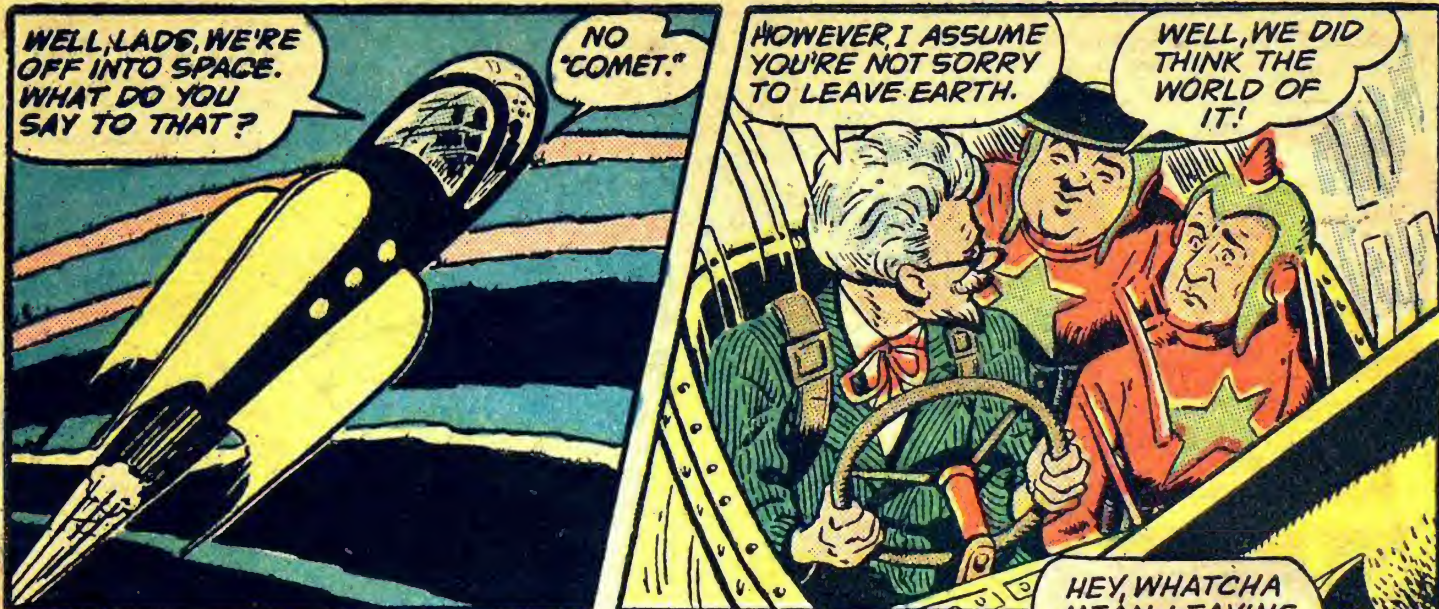
MARS!

C-C-COSTELLO,
DID YOU HEAR
THAT? WE'RE
FLYING TO
MARS!

SWELL! I
LIKE AN
OUTDOOR
JOB.

**MEN
WANTED**
NO BRAIN
OR
PERIENCE
NEED

AHEM! YOUR "AD"
HOLLERED HELP!
THAT'S US!



AS AHEAD... WELL, TARO WHEN THE HORDES OF JUPITER ATTACK THEY SHALL NOT FIND US UNPREPARED.

CORRECT, ASTRA. OUR PATROL KEEPS OUR NATIVE MARS SAFE FROM THEIR CLUTCHES.

YES, LISTEN! THE VIDEO ALARM!

A HOSTILE SPACER! MAN ALL DISCANNONS!

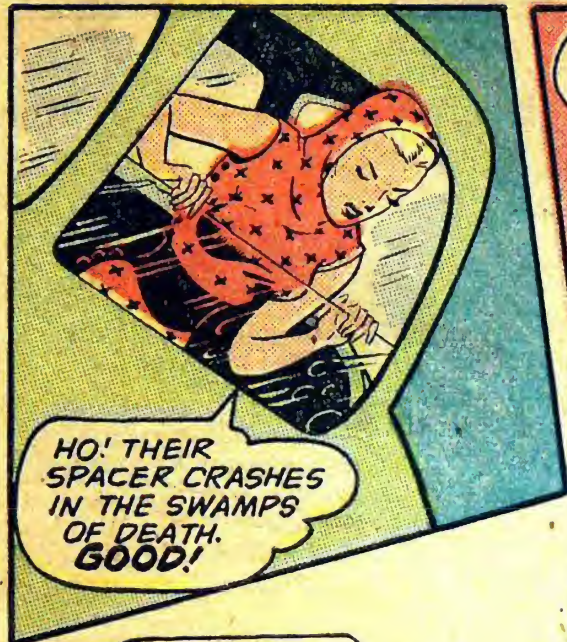
AND! LOOK, ABBOTT ANOTHER SPACER! AND IT'S SEEN US. IT'S SLOWING DOWN TO NINE HUNDRED MILES A SECOND!

HELLO, UP THERE! WHAT METEOR DO WE TURN OFF AT FOR JERSEY CITY, PLEASE?

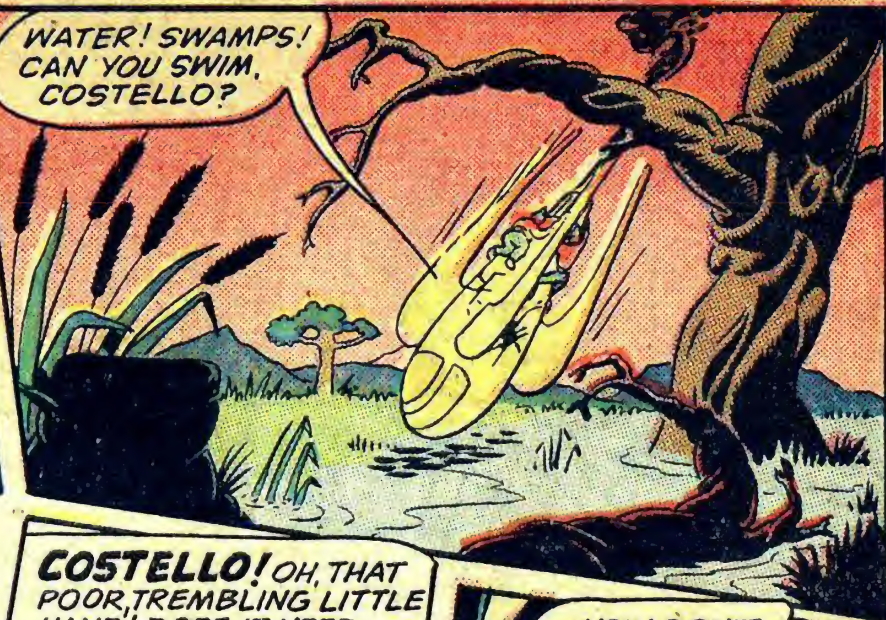
WELL, JUST DON'T STAND THERE! YELL SOMETHING, YOU DOPES --- THAT GUN, NO!

WE'RE HIT... FALLING!

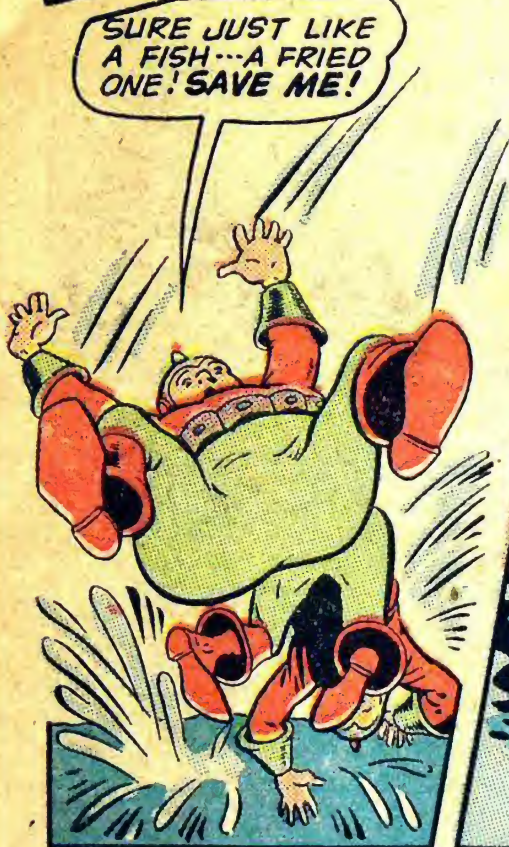
YEAH, AND GOSH, HOW I HATE TO DROP IN UNEXPECTEDLY LIKE THIS.



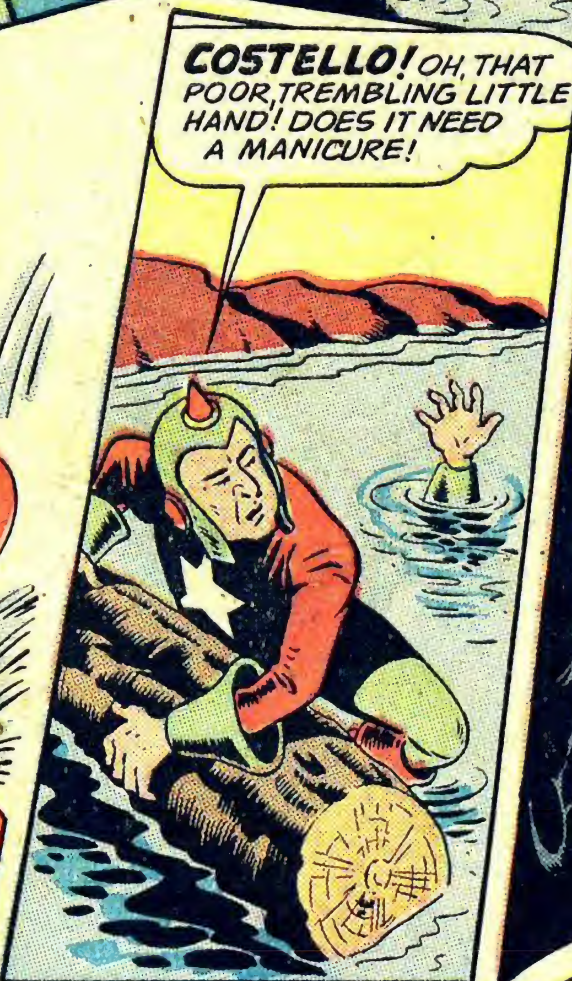
HO! THEIR
SPACER CRASHES
IN THE SWAMPS
OF DEATH.
GOOD!



**WATER! SWAMPS!
CAN YOU SWIM,
COSTELLO?**



**SURE JUST LIKE
A FISH...A FRIED
ONE! SAVE ME!**

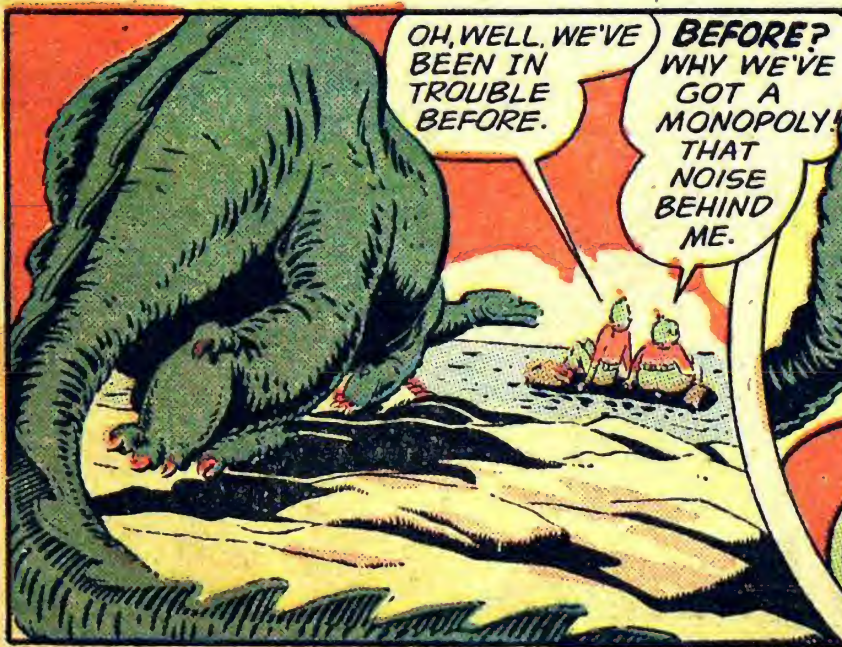


**COSTELLO! OH, THAT
POOR, TREMBLING LITTLE
HAND! DOES IT NEED
A MANICURE!**



**NOW DON'T
WORRY, COSTELLO.
GET A GRIP ON
YOURSELF.**

**BETTER YET.
YOU GET ONE
ON ME!**



**OH, WELL, WE'VE
BEEN IN TROUBLE
BEFORE.**

**BEFORE?
WHY WE'VE
GOT A
MONOPOLY!
THAT
NOISE
BEHIND
ME.**



ABBOTT!

MEANWHILE, THE JUPITERIAN FLEET,
BOUND FOR MARS, FILLS THE SKY...

SET COURSE
FOR SWAMPS
OF DEATH!

TARO, ASTRA'S UNCLE,
WHO TAKES OUR
BRIBES HAS SO
ADVISED.

IT IS WELL.
ASTRA WILL
NOT EXPECT
AN ATTACK
FROM THAT
QUARTER.

AS AT THE
SWAMPS...

A FROG! BETTER
GET LEGS, FROG,
OR YOU'LL BE
FROG'S LEGS!

LOOK, HE
BREATHES
FIRE!

YEAH. BUT
I DON'T
THINK WE'LL
BREATHE
ANYTHING
MUCH
LONGER.

WELL, WHAT
DO YOU KNOW?
THAT ONE-
MAN MOB
SCENE IS
SCARED OF
THE FROG!

G'WAN YOU
LITTLE BULLY.
PICK ON SOMEONE
YOUR OWN SMALL-
NESS!

EASY, PAL. YOU'RE
SAFE. STOP TREMBLING
OR YOU'LL START AN
EARTHQUAKE!



AS THE INVADERS CIRCLE
AND LAND...

ATTENTION
ALL SHIP!
DISEMBARK!



DON SUCTION
SHOES TO TREAD
ON WATER.



IT IS DONE, MASTER
...BUT LOOK SOME-
ONE COMES. TO
ARMS! READY
AIM...



HI, BOYS! I
KNOW YOU GUYS
CAN'T BE TWO-
FACED OR YOU'D
BE WEARING
YOUR OTHER
ONES!

FIRE!

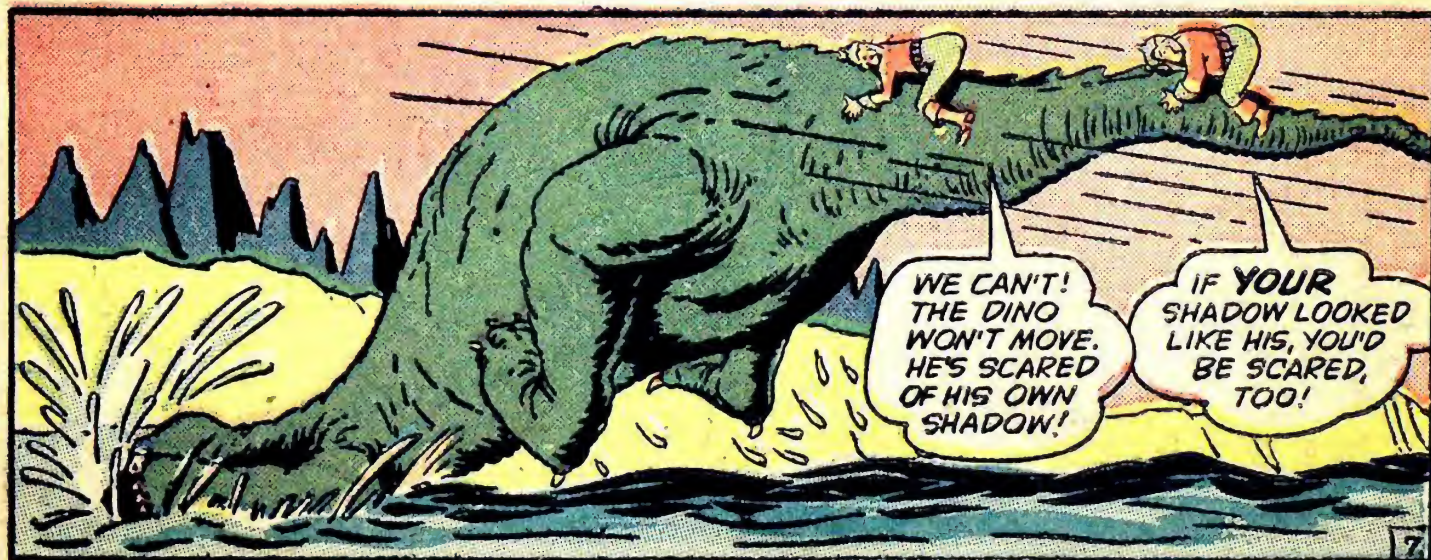
RATHER
DRAFTY, EH,
ABBOTT?



YOU'LL BE
DRAFTY, IF YOU
DON'T DUCK!
THOSE ARE
RAY BULLETS!



BUT WHY WORRY
WITH OUR ECONOMY
SIZED CHARGER?
GIDDAP NAPOLEON,
IT'S RAINING
BULLETS!



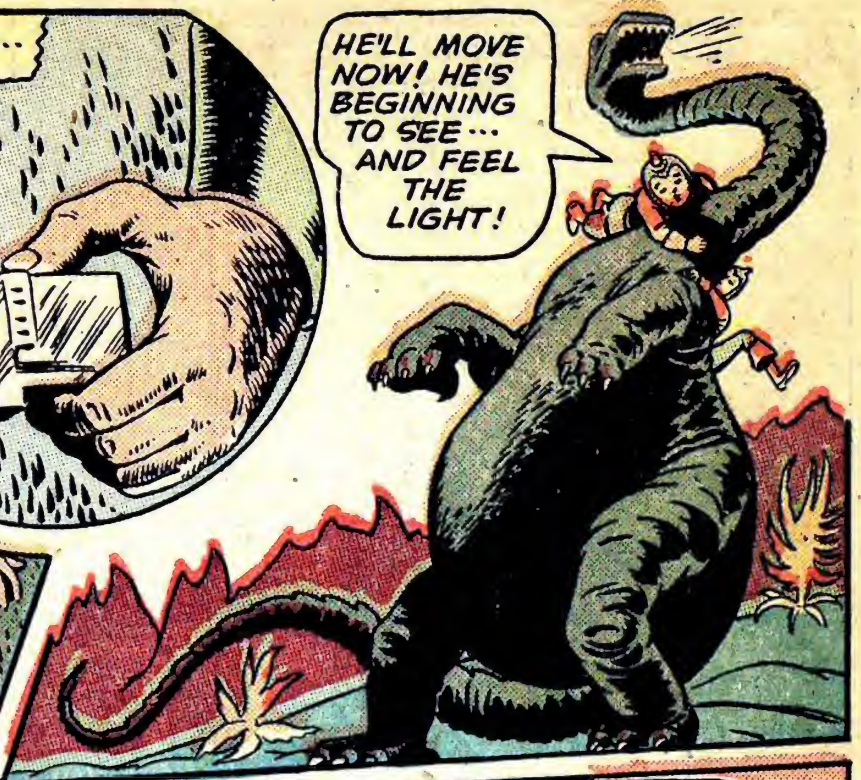
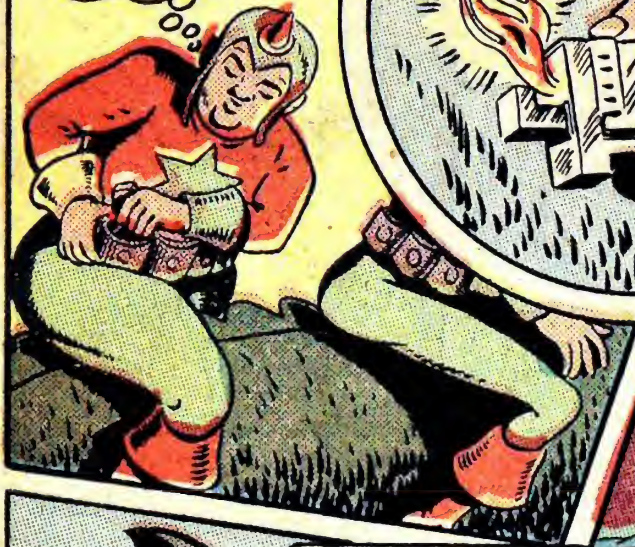
WE CAN'T!
THE DINO
WON'T MOVE.
HE'S SCARED
OF HIS OWN
SHADOW!

IF YOUR
SHADOW LOOKED
LIKE HIS, YOU'D
BE SCARED,
TOO!

HMM...I HAD SOME-
THING BACK ON OUR
OWN PLANET, BUT
"WHERE ON EARTH"
DID I PUT IT? AH,
HERE!

LAND...

HE'LL MOVE
NOW! HE'S
BEGINNING
TO SEE...
AND FEEL
THE
LIGHT!



FUNNY, EH, ABBOTT?
IN ORDER TO GET
OUR DINO TO
WORK, I HAD
TO "FIRE"
HIM!

SEE, ABBOTT? THEY CAN'T
STOP DINO! IT'S NO SALE
'CAUSE HE'S USING HIS
CHARGE ACCOUNT!



QUICKLY, MEN OF
JUPITER DISPERSE
OR BE DISPERSED!
TOO LATE WE'RE...



SEE
NOW
WHAT
I WAS
UP TO?

YEAH, I
FINALLY
TUMBLED.

ALLEZ OOP! NICE GOING,
DINO. YOU REALLY SWAMPED
THE OPPOSITION! BUT C'MON
WE GOTTA GET TO LAND,
"SHORE" NUFF!

MADE IT! BUT
NOW WHAT? IF
WE STICK AROUND,
WE'RE APT TO
GET STUCK!

YUP. WE'D BETTER
SCRAM BEFORE
THOSE GUYS GET
ORGANIZED.

AND
DISORGANIZE
US. GIDDIAP!

AS...
DO NOT BE DIS-
COURAGED, TARO. IT
IS TRUE WE ARE
THE ONLY TWO YET
ALIVE ON MARS.

YET THESE HIGHLY
ROBOTS I HAVE
RECENTLY CREATED
CAN REPULSE ANY
JUPITERIAN
ATTACK!

AND EVEN SHOULD
THEY FAIL, MY
LABORATORY CON-
TAINS STILL
ANOTHER SECRET
TO SAVE US.
COME, I WILL
SHOW YOU.

MEANWHILE VISITORS NEAR ASTRA'S LAB...

A CITY, COMPLETE WITH DOORMAN! SAY, ADMIRAL, TAKE MY BAG... BETTER KNOWN AS ABBOTT.

HEY, DINO'S SCARED! WHAT GOES ON?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'RE GOING OFF!

W-WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

NOTHING! HE'S MAKING SURE OF THAT, THE COWARD! LET HIM GO!

RIGHT, BUT WATCH ME FLATTER THIS GUY. HI, BUB! MY WHAT NICE "COILS" YOU HAVE.

ALWAYS GLAD TO MEET A SUCCESSFUL GENT, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE NOT A SELF-MADE MAN. SHAKE, KID!

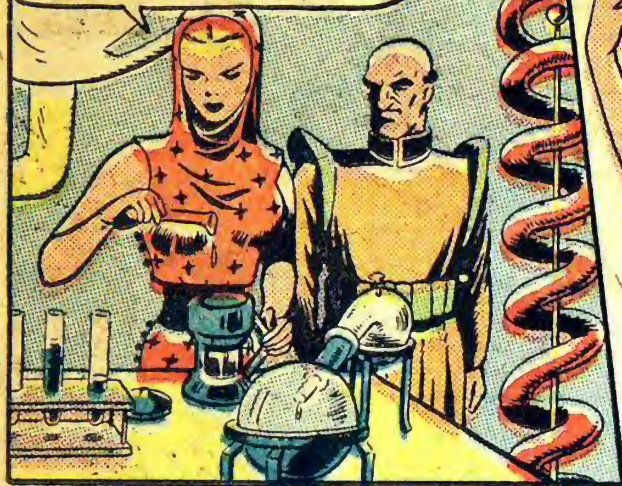
WOW! THAT BIRD REALLY HAS A GRIP OF IRON...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOTTA USE OUR HEADS NO! HE'S (OUCH!) GONNA USE THEM.

MEANWHILE.

BEHOLD, TARO, KF-79 A NEW FORMULA THAT PRODUCES ARTIFICIAL COURAGE. I SHALL QUAFF DEEPLY.

AND THEN WAIT THE GATE ALARM!



I SHALL, ASTRA. BUT FIRST TO HIDE YOUR COURAGE FORMULA, SO THAT MY TRUE MASTERS THE JUPITERIANS, SHALL NOT BE THWARTED.

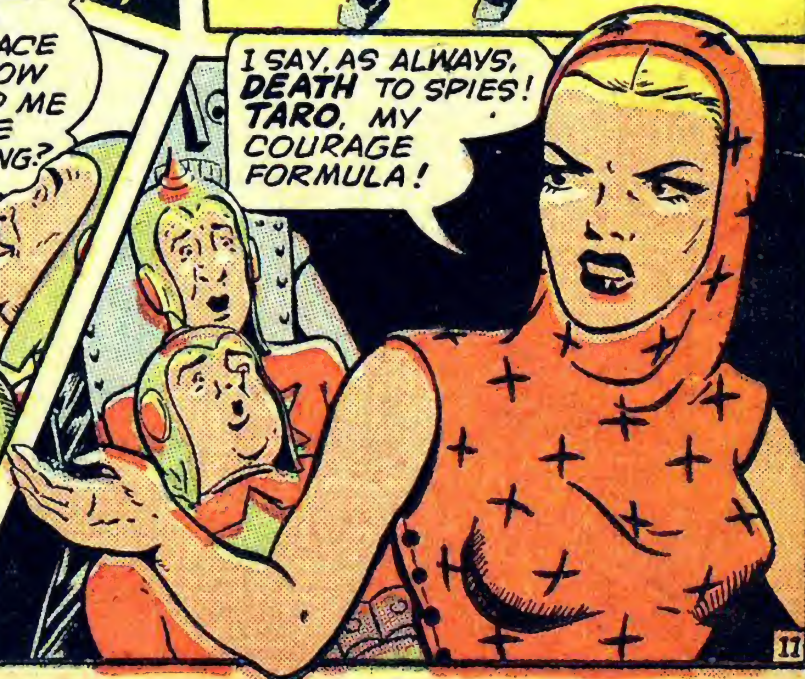


SO SPIES!

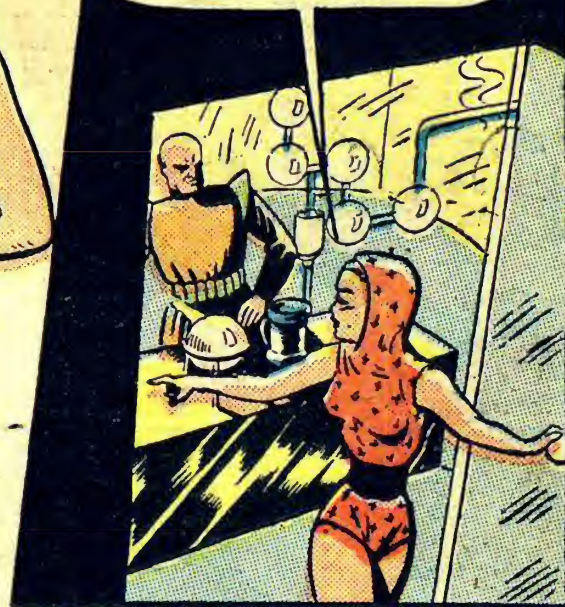
ALL WE SPIED WAS YOU, HONEY. WE'RE ONLY A COUPLE OF SPACE FLYERS. NOW HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME DOING A LITTLE DOUBLE-SPACING?



I SAY, AS ALWAYS, DEATH TO SPIES! TARO, MY COURAGE FORMULA!



DID I NOT SAY MY ROBOTS WERE SKILLED? SEE, THEY RING ME. THEY HAVE APPREHENDED SOMEONE. WAIT HERE!



TAKE A SEAT, WILL YOU PAL? ANYONE BUT THE ONE YOU GOT! I NEED IT!

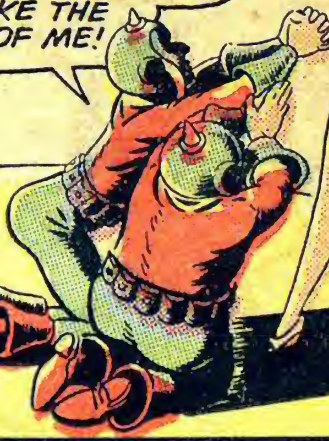


YES, ASTRA, YOU'LL NEED COURAGE TO WITNESS THE HORRORS OF THE EXTERMO-MACHINE.

DRINK DEEPLY OF PLAIN WATER, FOOL.



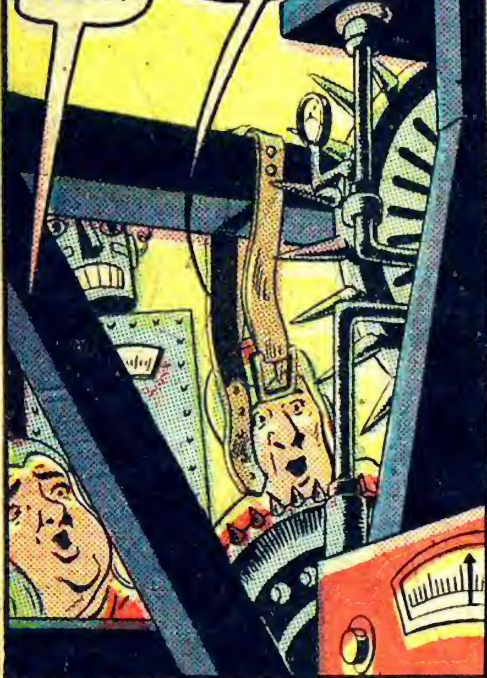
EXTERMO-MACHINE! ASTRA, PLEASE! I CAN'T SEE FOR THE LIFE OF ME WHY YOU WANT TO TAKE THE LIFE OF ME!



DIE!

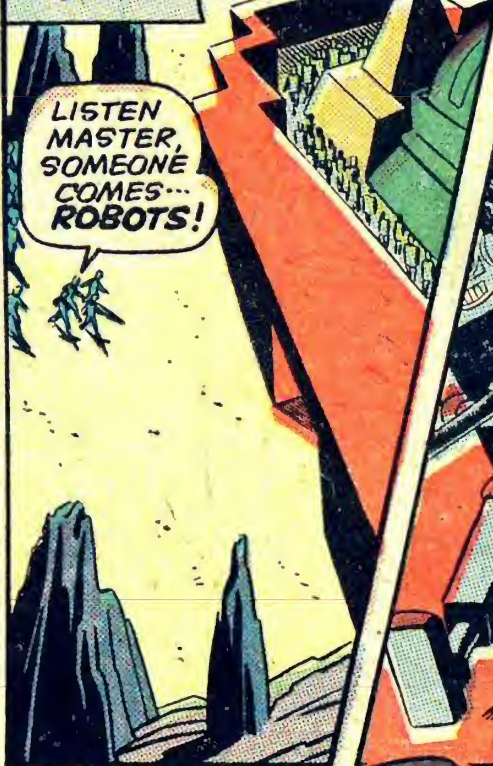
AWK! THIS IS REALLY THE MACHINE AGE!

YEAH...AND IS THIS MACHINE AGING ME!



OUTSIDE AS THE JUPITERIAN HORDES CLOSE IN ON ASTRA'S LAB CITY...

LISTEN MASTER, SOMEONE COMES... ROBOTS!



YES, THEY COME! ASTRA'S FAITHFUL ROBOTS, TEN THOUSAND STRONG!



BUT... HO! POOR FOOLISH ASTRA TO THINK HER JUNK PILE ARMY COULD STAY US OF JUPITER!



BEHOLD MY DISINTERGRATO-RAY REDUCES THEM TO RUBBLE! FORWARD NOW TO VICTORY!





AS... WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY DO? PRESS THE MIDDLE VALVE DOWN?

NO I THINK IT PASSES US DOWN!

STRANGE, DESPITE THE COURAGE FORMULA, I FEEL NO BRAVER. I... WHO'S THERE?



WE'RE THERE... AND HERE... AND EVERYWHERE! YOU ARE DOOMED!

HEY, ABBOTT, LOOK, THEY REALLY DISARMED THIS GUY!

BEHOLD, ASTRA, THE EXALTED RULER OF ALL JUPITER WHOSE AGENT I HAVE BEEN THESE MANY LUNAR YEARS!

TARO A SPY... MY COURAGE FORMULA A FAILURE! I AM AFTER ALL BUT A POOR WEAK DEFENSELESS WOMAN. MERCY!

AND WE'RE JUST POOR WEAK, DEFENSELESS MEN! MAKE THAT A DOUBLE ORDER OF MERCY!



TOO LATE I SEE
THOSE BOYS WERE
MY FRIENDS!

I KNOW YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL
ME. BUT IF YOU
GRANT A LAST
REQUEST, I WON'T
EVER BOTHER
YOU AGAIN!

HE'S RIGHT! IT'S MILITARY COURTESY
TO GRANT LAST REQUESTS. YOU
DON'T WANT US TO DIE, THINKING
YOU HAVE BAD MANNERS,
DO YOU?

VERY WELL. I SHALL
GRANT A LAST REQUEST
FOR EACH OF YOU. SPEAK
FIRST, FAT ONE!

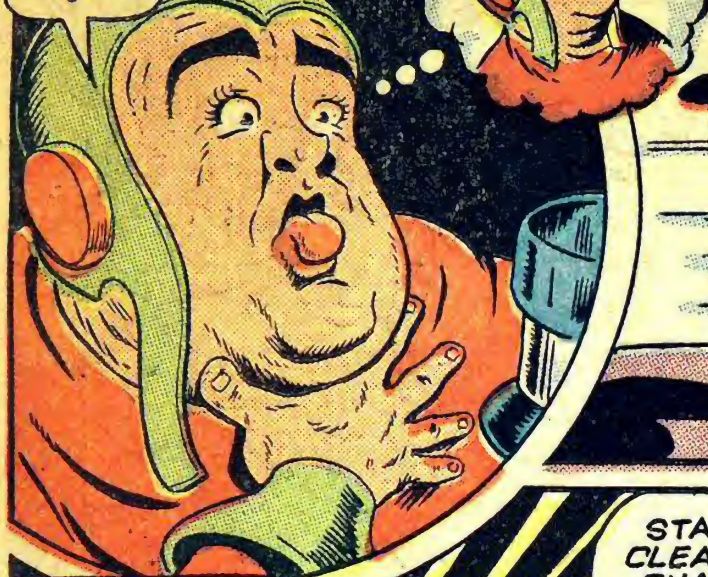
LAST REQUEST, EH?
WHAT DO I WANT?
OH, I KNOW... A
GLASS OF
WATER!

TO WASH DOWN
MY COLD PILLS. I
WOULDN'T WANT
TO START COUGH-
ING AND DISTURB
THE EXECUTIONER.

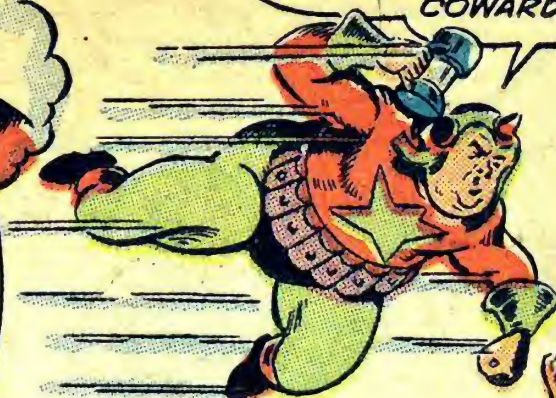
IDIOT!
HERE'S
WATER!

NO MASTER, NO!
YOU HAVE GIVEN
HIM KF-79, ASTRA'S
COURAGE
FORMULA!

AWK...WHAT A RAT!
POISONS ME BEFORE
HE KILLS
ME! NO...
WAIT!
I...



COWARD? WHO'S A
COWARD? WHY, I'M
AS BRAVE AS TWO
COWARDS!



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S COME OVER
ME, FELLAS, BUT
I'M OVERCOMING
YOU!

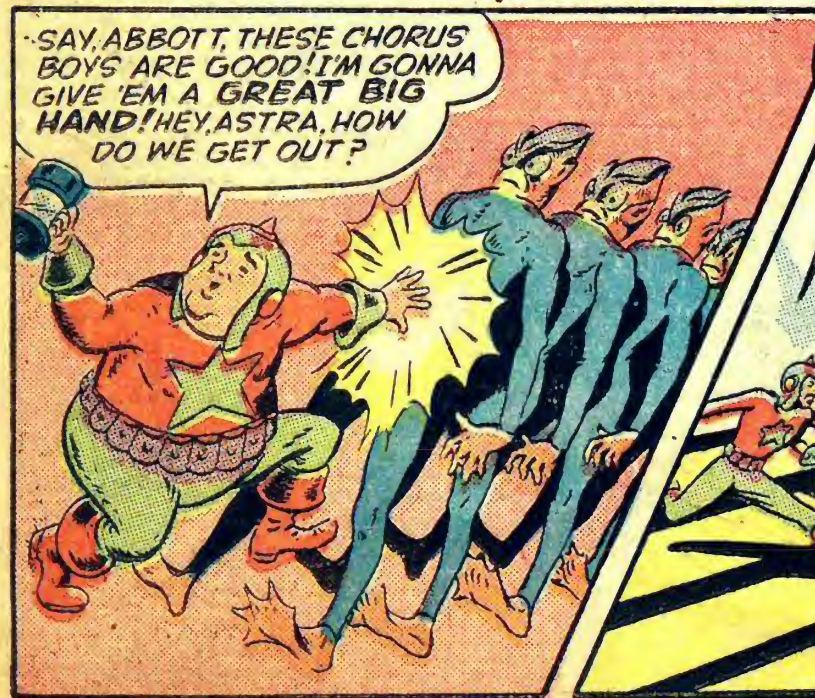


STAND
CLEAR! I
SHALL
DESTROY
HIM!

WITH THIS TOY?
WHY BACK WHERE I
COME FROM, THE
BUTTERFLYS PICK
THEIR TEETH ON
THESE.



SAY, ABBOTT, THESE CHORUS
BOYS ARE GOOD! I'M GONNA
GIVE 'EM A GREAT BIG
HAND! HEY, ASTRA, HOW
DO WE GET OUT?



THIS STAIRWAY
LEADS TO
LIBERTY!



HOW ABOUT THIS
SPACER? SHALL
WE BORROW IT?



ABOUT TIME
WE "TOOK
STEPS" TO
GET FREE!

YEAH! WE'LL
MAIL 'EM
A DEPOSIT!



C-C-COSTELLO,
THOSE CONTROLS!
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING?

SURE.
AND I REALIZE
YOU'RE NERVOUS,
BUT WHY CHEW
MY FINGER-
NAILS?

BUT, CHEER UP, ABBOTT.
MAYBE YOU WON'T ALWAYS
BE A WHITE-LIVERED,
GUMPTIONLESS,
FRAIDY-CAT.

LISTEN...
MOTORS!



QUICKLY, MAN
ALL SPACERS!
DESTROY THOSE
MARITAN DOGS.



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
CAN I
HELP?

LATER...WITH
THE DISHES.
I'M TURNING
TAIL GUNNER.



HAH! LOOK, ABBOTT.
HE THOUGHT HE WAS
GOING TO BE A HERO.
BUT **DID** HE TURN
OUT TO BE A BIG
BUST...**WHAT'S**
THAT!



THAT ?OH, THAT'S MERELY A
PAIR OF ENEMY SHIPS CON-
VERGING UPON YOU, LITTLE
MAN.



WOW! TWO OF 'EM
ARE CLOSING IN! A
REAL MAN'S JOB...
I'M STARTING TO
WISH I WAS
UNEMPLOYED!

**BUT ASTRA TWISTS HER
SHIP SWIFTLY UPWARD...**

AND THE JUPITERIANS...

NICE GOING, ASTRA!
SAY WASN'T IT GREAT
THE WAY A DIRTY
LITTLE COWARD LIKE
ME TURNED INTO A
DIRTY LITTLE HERO?

OH, NOT SO STRANGE. THE
FORMULA YOU DRANK WOULD
GIVE COURAGE TO ANYONE.
BUT IT WEARS OFF
QUICKLY.

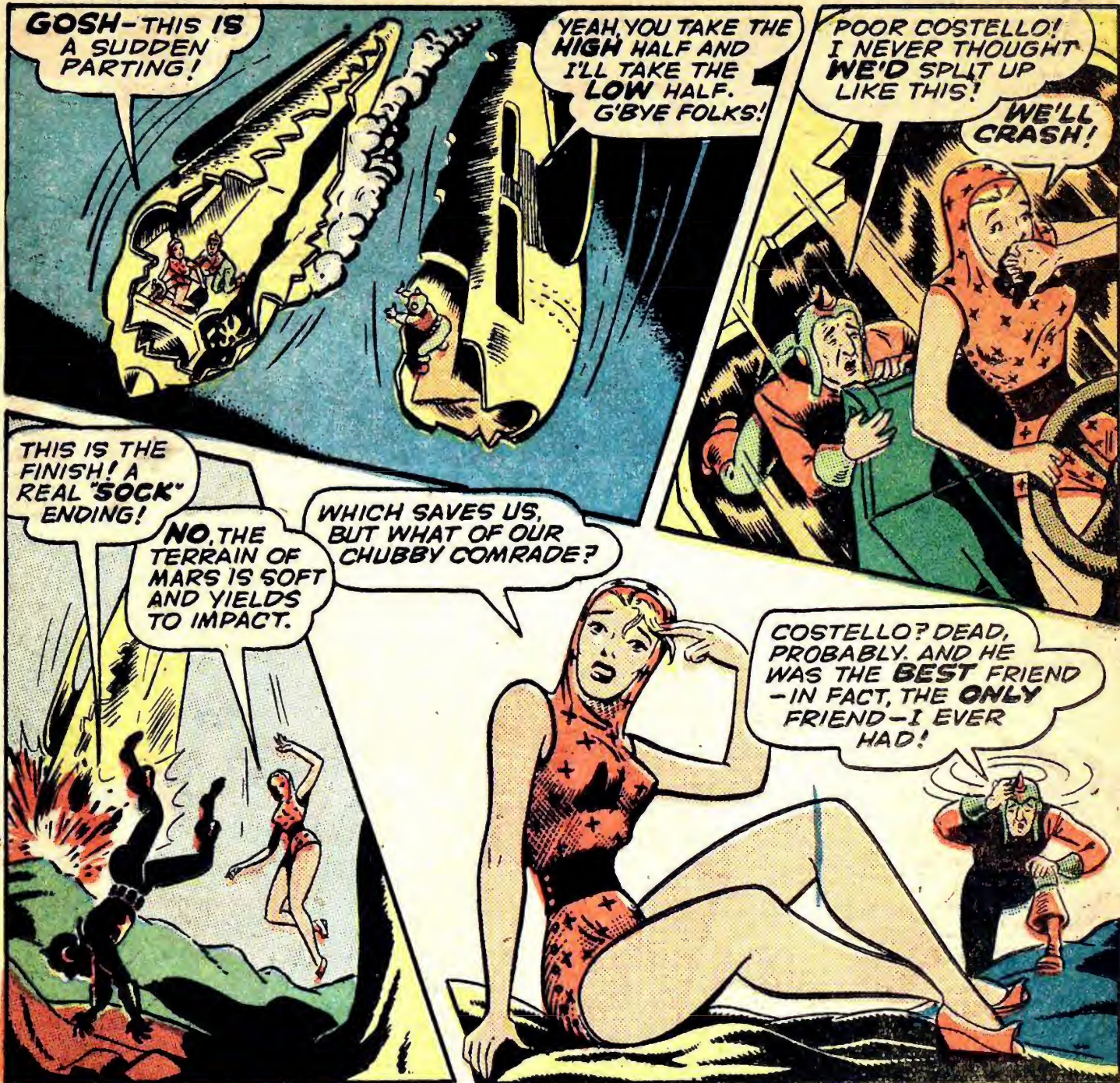
OH, HO!
I SEE!

SO...YOUR COURAGE WAS
FALSE! ISN'T THAT TRUE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
IT'S TRUE IT'S FALSE?
YOU'RE GETTING ME
ALL MIXED UP!

HO! THEY WILL
FIND THE RAY...
CANNONS
DIFFICULT
TO ELUDE.
READY...
AIM...
FIRE!

ABBOTT, PLEASE, SIT DOWN!
YOU'RE ROCKING THE ROCKET
...HEY, THOSE ARE BULLETS
...**WE'RE HIT!**



GOSH-THIS IS
A SUDDEN
PARTING!

YEAH, YOU TAKE THE
HIGH HALF AND
I'LL TAKE THE
LOW HALF.
G'BYE FOLKS!

POOR COSTELLO!
I NEVER THOUGHT
WE'D SPLIT UP
LIKE THIS!

WE'LL
CRASH!

THIS IS THE
FINISH! A
REAL "SOCK"
ENDING!

NO, THE
TERRAIN OF
MARS IS SOFT
AND YIELDS
TO IMPACT.

WHICH SAVES US,
BUT WHAT OF OUR
CHUBBY COMRADE?

COSTELLO? DEAD,
PROBABLY. AND HE
WAS THE BEST FRIEND
-IN FACT, THE ONLY
FRIEND-I EVER
HAD!

BUT DON'T BE
AFRAID, ASTRA.
JUST PUT
YOURSELF IN
MY HANDS.

I-LISTEN!
SOMEONE
COMES!

YES, I COME! FOOLS, DID
YOU THINK TO ELUDE ME?

HEY, NOT SO HARD,
YOU MUGGS! WE'RE
IN A TIGHT ENOUGH
SPOT WITHOUT YOU
SQUEEZING!

TRAPPED!
BOY, WHAT A
PROCESS SERVER
HE'D MAKE!

MEANWHILE SOME
DISTANCE AWAY...

GEE, LEAVING AN OLD
PAL SURE GIVES YOU
A DROP!

BUT NO SENSE BROODING. I'M
GONNA GET MY FEET ON THE
GROUND— TO SAY (AWK!)
NOTHING OF THE REST OF
ME! HELP!

CAUGHT! BUT
THIS IS ONE TIME
I DON'T MIND BEING
"STUMPED!"

THANKS FOR THE
USE OF THE BRANCH
OFFICE, BUT I HAVE
TO TAKE A LOOK
AROUND.

GOLLY, SURE IS NICE
SCENERY. BUT I'D STILL
RATHER BE A MAN OF
THE WORLD!

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED
TO ABBOTT AND ASTRAP?
I'M SO ALL ALONE. I'M
ALSO LONELY, AND, ON
TOP OF THAT, I'M
VERY LONESOME!

O' OH, NOISES!
I WON'T BE
LONELY LONG!
IS THAT
GOOD?

THE NOISE PROVES TO BE AN OLD FRIEND IN DIRE STRAITS—PURSUED BY A FIERCE FOE!

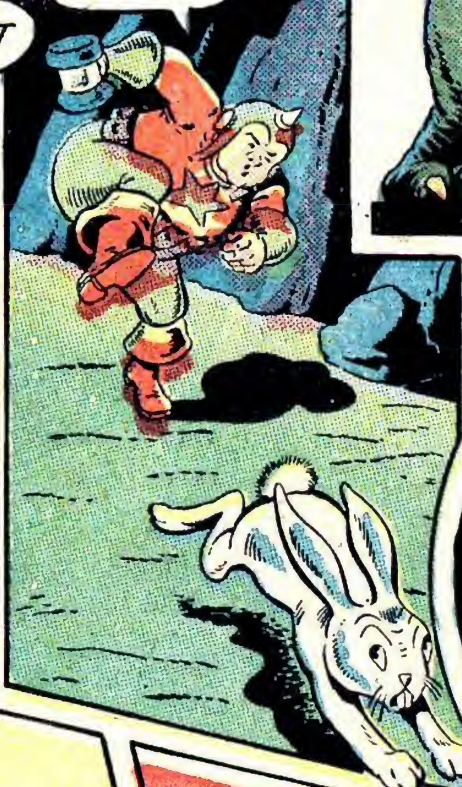


FLIGHT PROVES FUTILE! A FEW FALTERING STEPS AND "DINO" IS TRAPPED!

POOR DINO! HE'D BE CORNERED, IF HE WEREN'T BIGGER THAN THE CORNER!



SCRAM, PEST! BEFORE I GET YOU IN A STEW—A RABBIT STEW!



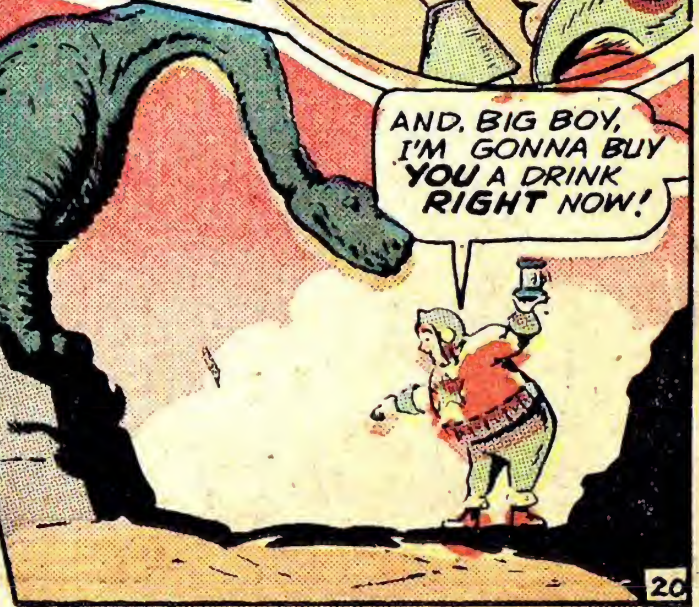
YOU SEE, I KNOW HOW IT IS. I HAVEN'T ANY COURAGE, EITHER HEY, WAIT! I DO HAVE COURAGE—A WHOLE CUPFUL!



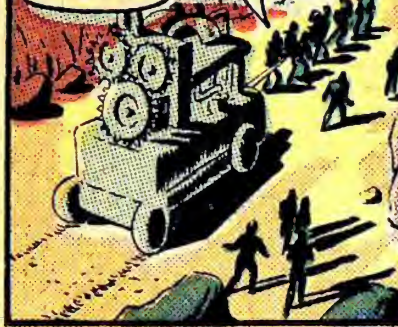
NOW—NOW DON'T HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN—YOU'RE APT TO KNOCK OVER A MOUNTAIN RANGE!



AND, BIG BOY, I'M GONNA BUY YOU A DRINK RIGHT NOW!



MEANWHILE WHAT BE-
FALLS ABBOTT AND ASTRA?
BRING THE EXTERMO-
MACHINE FORWARD!
BIND THE PRISONERS
TO IT!



WELL, DO YOU
HAVE ANY LAST
WORDS THIS
TIME?



Y-YES! BUT I
CAN'T PRONOUNCE
THEM!



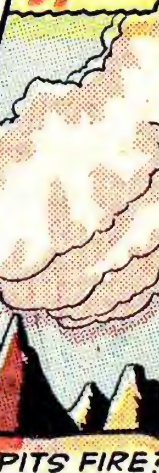
IN THAT CASE WE
NEED DELAY NO
LONGER—WHO
SHOUTS?



IT IS I, MASTER—
BEHOLD, TWIN HORROR'S
APPROACH!



AND...



LOOK "DINO," THE
"JUPS" BROUGHT
THE TORTURE
RACK OUTSIDE!
GUESS IT WAS
TOO STUFFY
INDOORS FOR
A GOOD
MURDER.



SPITS FIRE?
WHY, SURE,
"DINO'S" AN
OLD FLAME
OF MINE!



WE ARE
LOST! SEE
THE BEAST
SPITS
FIRE!



AND JUST
WAIT TILL
HE REALLY
WARMS
TO
HIS WORK—
YAK! YAK!





BUT THERE'S SUCH A THING AS HAVING TOO GOOD A SEAT AT A FIGHT. I THINK I'LL MOVE BACK A LITTLE FROM RINGSIDE!



HAH! A KNIFE IN HIS AMPLE BACK MAY REDUCE THE FAT ONE'S SMUGNESS.

SIC 'EM, DINO!



WELL, WELL, LOOKS LIKE MY PLAYMATE INTENDS CUTTING UP -DOWN-AND-SIDWAYS!



YOU KNOW IT'S FUNNY. WE'VE JUST MET AND STILL YOU MISS ME MORE THAN ANYONE I KNOW.



THAT'S THE STUFF, "DINO!" KEEP USING THE OLD LEFT—AND THE OLD RIGHT—AND THE OLD TAIL! HEY, SOMEONES YELLING!



ASTRA AND ABBOTT! ANY LITTLE THING I CAN DO? SUCH AS SAVING YOUR LIVES?



COSTELLO, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT ASTRA AND I THINK YOU'RE SWELL!

I DO, TOO. THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUS!



As...

THIS BATTLE IS NOT YET LOST. MY DIS-RAY WILL SAVE US!



NO USE! THE RAYS ARE AS NOTHING TO HIS HIDE—FLEE TO THE SPACERS!



THEY'RE LEAVING THE PARTY! GUESS THEY DON'T LIKE THE KIND OF PUNCH WE SERVED!



CALL AGAIN, BOYS! "DINO" AND I ARE COMEDIANS! WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN STITCHES—AND PLASTER CASTS!



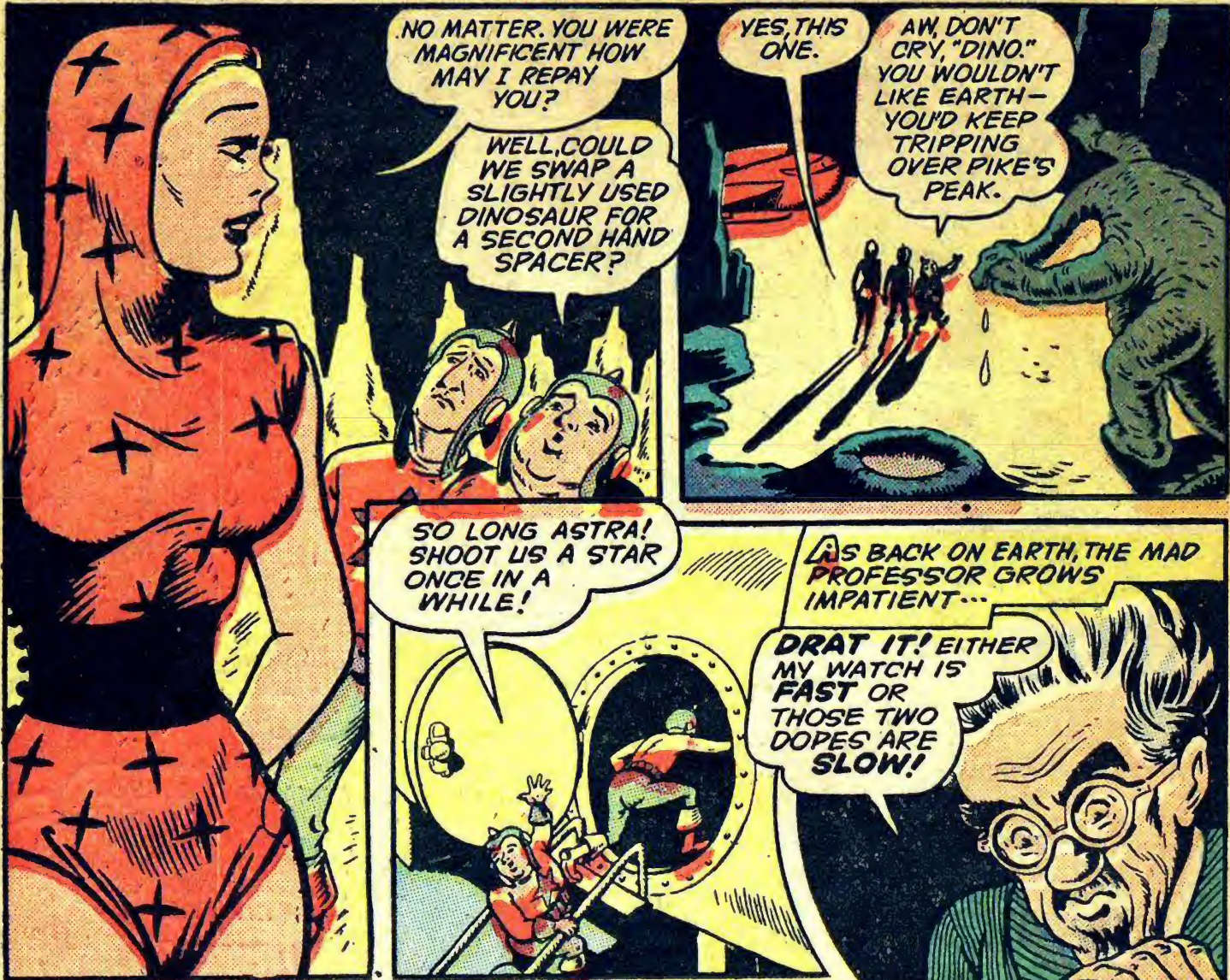
BOY, YOUR COURAGE FORMULA IS GREAT ASTRA! IT MADE A MAN OUT OF ME AND A DINOSAUR OUT OF MY PAL!



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, FOR IT IS NOT PERFECTED AND LASTS BUT A FEW SECONDS!



AND WE WERE BRAVE FOR HOURS! WE MUST HAVE (GULP!) BEEN USING OUR OWN COURAGE!



NO MATTER. YOU WERE
MAGNIFICENT HOW
MAY I REPAY
YOU?

WELL, COULD
WE SWAP A
SLIGHTLY USED
DINOSAUR FOR
A SECOND HAND
SPACER?

YES, THIS
ONE.

AW, DON'T
CRY, "DINO."
YOU WOULDN'T
LIKE EARTH—
YOU'D KEEP
TRIPPING
OVER PIKE'S
PEAK.

SO LONG ASTRA!
SHOOT US A STAR
ONCE IN A
WHILE!

AS BACK ON EARTH, THE MAD
PROFESSOR GROWS
IMPATIENT...

DRAT IT! EITHER
MY WATCH IS
FAST OR
THOSE TWO
DOPES ARE
SLOW!

THEY SHOULD BE
BACK FROM MARS
BY NOW—EUREKA!
THEY ARE!

SPLENDID! SUCH
FORESIGHT TAKING
THE SHORT CUT
THROUGH THE
ROOF! DID YOU
GET TO MARS?

YUP
WE GOT
MARRIED
ON MARS
ALL RIGHT.
THANKS TO
YOU!

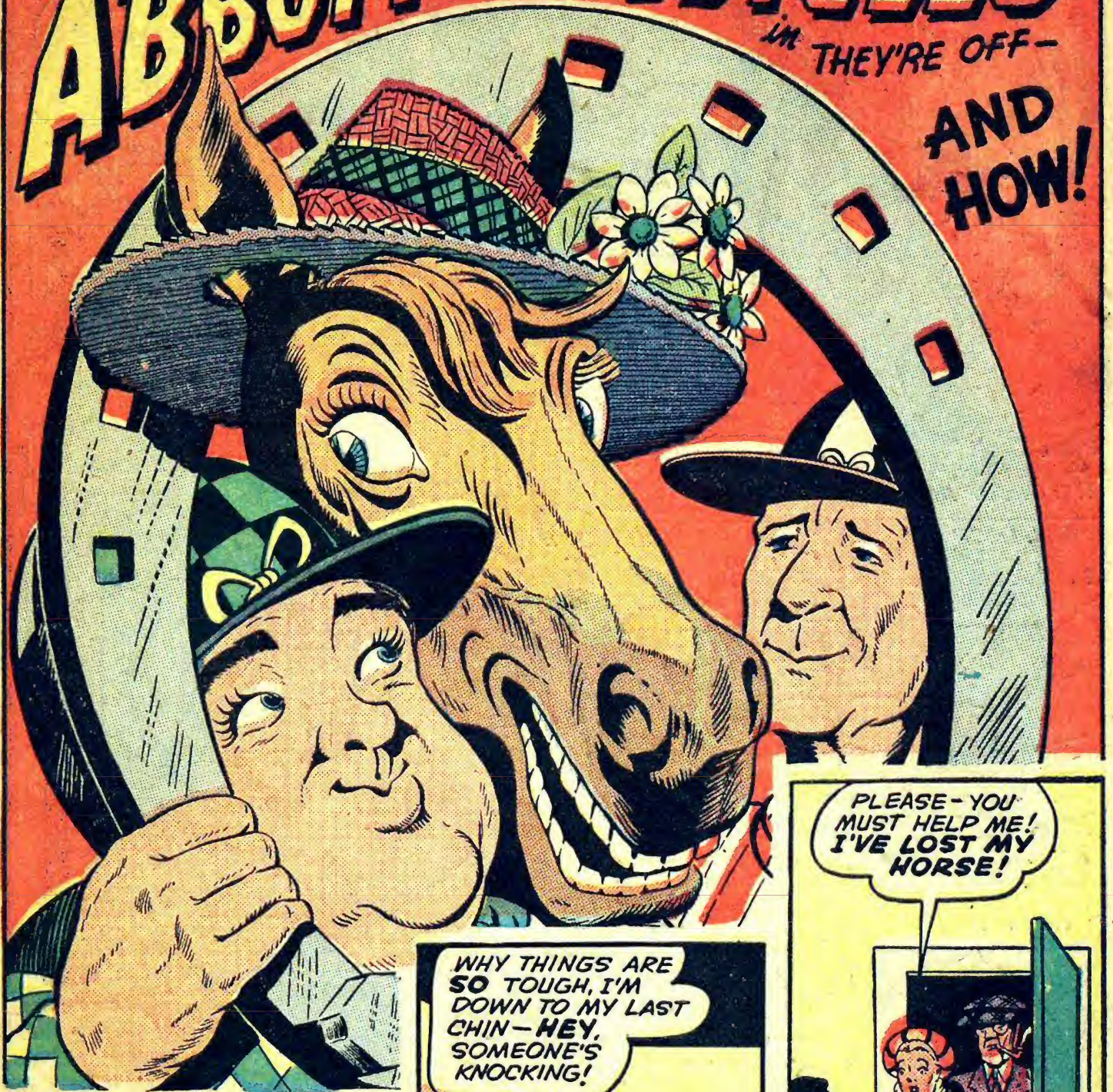
FINE! THEN
YOU MUST
HAVE SOME-
THING INTER-
ESTING TO
TELL ME!

YEAH,
WE'VE GOT
SOMETHING
TO TELL
YOU—WE
QUIT!

ABBOTT and COSTELLO

IN THEY'RE OFF -

AND HOW!



PLEASE - YOU MUST HELP ME! I'VE LOST MY HORSE!

WHY THINGS ARE SO TOUGH, I'M DOWN TO MY LAST CHIN - HEY, SOMEONE'S KNOCKING!

COSTELLO, OUR PRIVATE DETECTIVE BUSINESS IS TOO PRIVATE! WE NEVER GET ANY CLIENTS. I'M SLOWLY STARVING.

YOU'RE SLOWLY STARVING, EH? SORRY, I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU. I'M STARVED NOW!

ABBOTT & COSTELLO PRIVATE DETECTIVE



LOST YOUR HORSE!
WHO ARE YOU KIDDING,
BABE? GO HOME AND
LOOK UNDER THE
BUREAU!

NO, YOU CHAPS DON'T
UNDERSTAND. SHE'S
PATSY FURLONG. OWNER
OF THE FAMOUS RACER,
ZIP. IT'S BEEN
THEFTED YOU
KNOW.

I'M DEREK SIDE-SADDLE, ZIP'S
TRAINER. I'VE ADVISED MISS
FURLONG TO HIRE YOU
SLEUTHS!

I SEE! IN
THAT CASE
WE'LL CHANGE
OUR ATTITUDES
AND COSTUMES.

A FEW TRAFFIC LIGHTS LATER,
THE GROUP NEARS THE TRACK...

WE'LL DROP YOU
HERE, CHAPS. AND
I KNOW YOU'LL
SUCCEED!

PAL, YOU SAID
A MOUTHFUL—
WITH A BRITISH
ACCENT!

OH, HUSH, YOU IDIOT!
WE'LL PART HERE.
NOW DO YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO?

YEP, MINGLE
WITH THE HORSES
AND REPORT ANY
SUSPICIOUS NEIGHS
I HEAR.

BUT
NEARBY...

HAH, GREETINGS, OLD
BOY! I'VE TAKEN MISS
FURLONG TO HER
BOX AND YOU'VE
HIDDEN ZIP, EH?
NOW THERE'S JUST
ONE OTHER ITEM—
THOSE ALLEGED
SLEUTHS!

DON'T
WORRY, BOSS.
ME LITTLE
OLD ROD
AIN'T NEVER
FAILED.



AS... I'M GLAD I DITCHED COSTELLO. IT'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE KEEPING HIM OUT OF TROUBLE TO FIND OUT THE TROUBLE — HOOF-PRINTS!



EASY, PAL! I'M NO GANGSTER, EVEN THOUGH I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE!



PLUS A HORSE! IT'S GOTTA BE ZIP. NOW IF I CAN GET THAT TRUSTY STEED TO TRUST ME!



G'WAN, SCRAM! OH, SO YOU WON'T TAKE A WALK—THEN I'LL HAVE TO HOOF IT!



OH, YEAH? WELL, HERE'S WHERE I MAKE A LITTLE HORSE A LITTLE HOARSE!



IT'S YOU—YOU FOOL!



AW, DON'T BE MAD, ABBOTT. I'M SORRY I LOST MY HEAD—IT FITTED SO NICELY!

DOPE! C'MON WE MUST HURRY THERE'S VERY LITTLE TIME.

LESS THAN YOU REALIZE, CHAPS!





LAND...
COSTELLO, DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

NO-BUT I-(OUCH!) FEEL SOMETHING!



WHERE'LL WE TAKE 'EM, DEREK—THEY'RE GETTING CONSCIOUS!

DON'T WORRY, THIS PAIR NEVER GETS VERY CONSCIOUS. THAT STABLE WILL DO.



SOON...
OW—MY HEAD FEELS LIKE THEY'RE RUNNING THE KENTUCKY DERBY IN IT—OH, HELLO!



HELLO, CHAPS! I GUESS YOU REALIZE BY NOW THAT I KIDNAPPED ZIP? ISN'T THAT RIPPING?

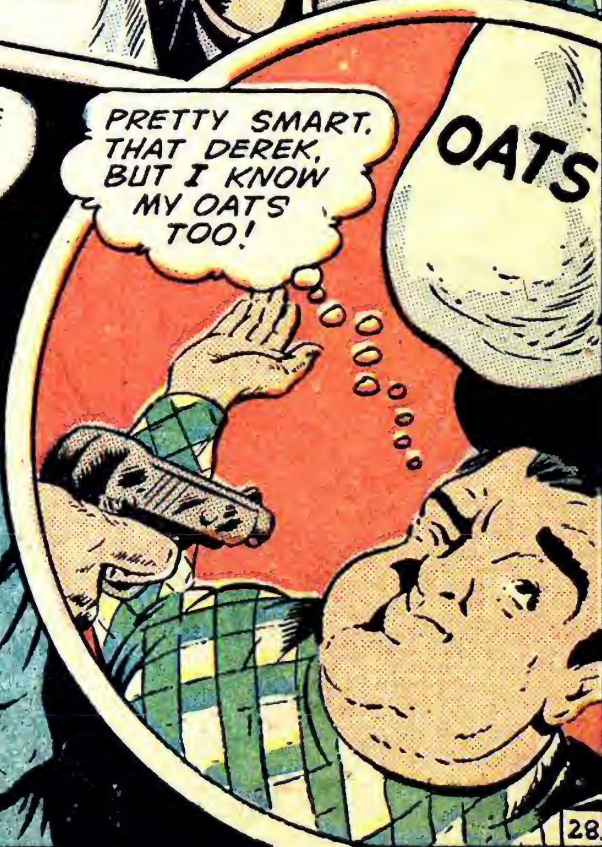
RIPPING? WHAT DID YOU TEAR?



NOT A THING, OLD BOY. BUT I DID PLACE A HUGE WAGER ON ANOTHER HORSE. WITH ZIP OUT OF THE WAY, I COULDN'T LOSE, Y'KNOW.



THEN HE HIRED YOU TWO DOPES TO MAKE SURE THE NAG WAS NEVER FOUND. BUT THAT'S ENOUGH CHATTER, ONE-TWO—



PRETTY SMART, THAT DEREK, BUT I KNOW MY OATS TOO!

OATS



SEE, WISE GUYS?
THE RACE ISN'T **ALL**
THAT'S IN THE BAG!
LET'S SCRAM,
ABBOTT.



THEY'RE AFTER US! LET'S
GO HOME, ABBOTT. I
DON'T CARE **WHO** WINS
THE RACE IF **WE'RE**
GONNA **LOSE**
OUR LIVES!

RIGHT!
THROUGH
THIS
GATE!

GIDDAP! HEY, HE
WON'T MOVE!

AND
THOSE
BULLETS
WON'T
STAND
STILL!



I DON'T **EVER** WANT TO
SEE ANOTHER HORSE EXCEPT
THIS PEDDLER'S ONE!



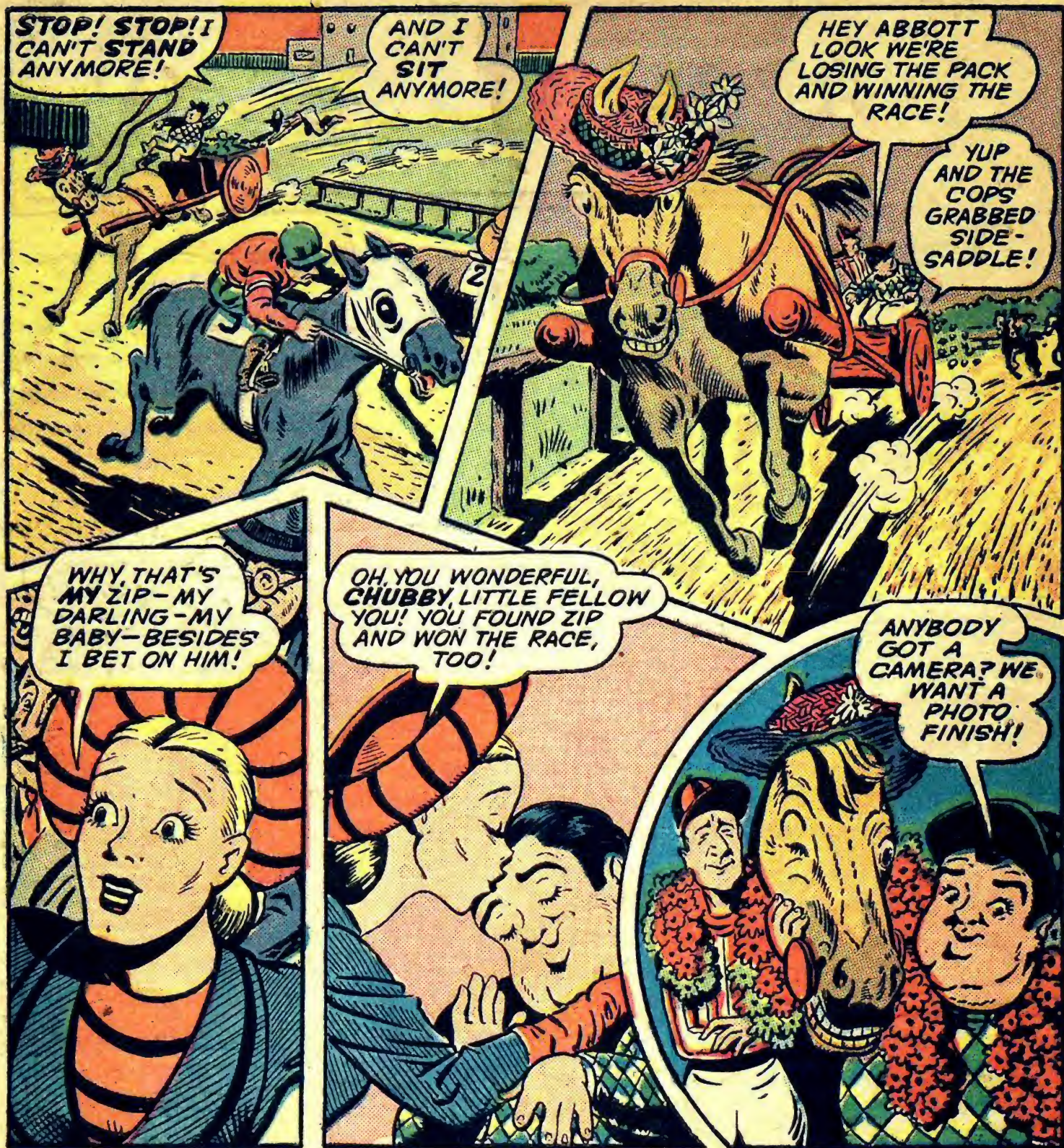
HE'LL HELP
US ESCAPE—
IN SLOW MOTION,
THOUGH.



HE REFUSES TO
RUN—HE'S **SO** OLD
I GUESS HE FORGOT
HOW—(AWK!) WHAT
NOW?



THE SHOTS SCARED
HIM—HE'S HEADED
FOR THE TRACK!



ST. JOHN PUBLISHING CO.
545 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Count me in. Enclosed is \$1 for next ten issues of Abbott and Costello Comics.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____ State _____

YOU'RE ALL WED!

LOU COSTELLO was wearing a gray suit and a harried expression as he waddled from the elevator of the huge office building.

"Where do I find Mr. Abbott's office?" he asked the operator.

"Right down the hall. You can't miss it. It's the door that needs washing."

Costello, graceful as an avalanche, made his way as directed, then paused with his hand on the knob. What sort of deal was this? What was Abbott up to now? What did those gilt letters "ABBOTT'S MATRIMONIAL BUREAU. BRANCHES: PARIS, LONDON AND HOBOKEN" mean? Should he get mixed up in this? Probably not. Yet Abbott had seemed eager on the phone — so eager, in fact, that he had forgotten to reverse the charges, as he usually did. Oh, well, it couldn't hurt to look.

"Come in. Come in, Sir," greeted Abbott looking up from his desk. "Oh, it's *only* you, Costello." Suddenly he brightened. "Little friend, I have the chance of a lifetime here for you. Take a chair!"

"Looks like the finance company beat me to it," answered Costello, as he vainly hunted the practically barren office for a seat.

"Well, I'm just getting started, of course. Kind of scarce on furniture, but let me assure there is no dearth of opportunity for a bright young man. Or for *you*, either, Costello. I'm really on to something big. Naturally, the first one I thought of was you. How would you like to get married?"

Costello began to pale. It took some moments, of course, for a blanch, no matter how hard working, to cover *his* figure, but finally he managed to croak, "Married? But, Abbott,

this is so sudden. I had no idea you cared. I never—"

"Now don't drag out any day-old jokes. What I mean is this. Getting people married is my business. You see, everyone wants to get married. But you don't always get to meet the right person. That's where I come in — by introducing you to your soul mate. The Abbott Matrimonial Bureau, Branches Paris, London and Hoboken, eliminates all elements of chance and reduces marriage to a scientific basis. Girl meets proper boy; they marry; they send me a fee. And everybody's happy! Now about *your* case—"

"But, Abbott, I don't want to get married! I've got to support a poor, old gray-haired bookmaker. I—"

"Nonsense! Just wait till you see the young lady I have in mind for you. Oh, Constance, would you mind lumbering in here for a minute?"

Heavy footsteps sounded an approach and the room shook as though in the grip of a junior varsity earthquake. Costello looked up (four feet up) to behold a girl who was undeniably moulded on classical lines. Indeed, she bore a rather startling resemblance to the Roman Colosseum. Bending daintily as her out-sized head shattered the chandelier, she patted Costello's brow. He felt the start of a mild brain concussion and a fresh bruise was raised at each gentle stroke.

"Why, of course, I'll marry you, Darling," boomed the huge Constance in a voice that would have shamed the coast artillery.

"Gee, that's swell," smiled Costello. "We'll just have a quiet little affair at the Yankee Stadium, and— Hey, what am I saying? I

don't want to marry her!"

"You don't?" asked Abbott. "But surely you think she's beautiful?"

"Beautiful? Yeah, sure. But so are the Rocky Mountains and I don't want to marry them, either. LEMME OUT OF HERE!"

"Oh, now let's not be hasty. Let's look at some of my other clients first. I'm certain you'll find someone to love and to cherish from this day forward. You're excused, Constance. Just slam the door of your cage behind you, please. This way, Costello!"

Costello looked frantically for an avenue of escape, but only the door presented itself. And the key was gone! Abbott had swallowed it upon his entrance. Well, he might just as well look at that. Abbott was right. It was time he got married! Perhaps the girl of his dreams was right here in Abbott's office waiting for him. Gee, wouldn't that be something! Someone to chase his loneliness! Someone with whom to share his hopes, his dreams and bubble gum!

His reverie was interrupted by Abbott who was proudly indicating a young lady seated in the reception room. "Now, then, Costello, how do you like Estelle?"

Costello looked, then gasped. It was some moments before he could manage to stammer, "Why—Why, she's lovely, Abbott. Absolutely lovely—but there's just one thing."

"Yes?"

"She has two heads!"

"No extra charge," smiled Abbott. "Say, wait, Costello! Get away from that window! Don't jump! Please don't think I'm trying to high pressure you into anything," he snarled, gripping the little fat fellow's wrist in a fierce judo hold. "But we strive to please. Just do me the favor of meeting Gertrude. If you don't think she's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen, you're free to walk out of this door. Is it a deal?"

"It's a deal," gasped a grateful Costello.

"Well, come along then. Actually I had been

saving Gertrude for a South American millionaire. However, you are my best friend and it's only fair that I—"

Costello followed but he wasn't listening. He was off in another world picturing the life to follow with Gertrude. Hah! At last Abbott had realized he wasn't a sucker! Now he was forced to display a good looking girl! But perhaps he had meant to do that all along. The other two had only been jokes. He should have known Abbott would have his old buddy's welfare at heart. Gosh, when he married this beautiful Gertrude, the very first people he'd ask over to the house would be Abbott and the plumber. Good, old Abbott! The best friend a—"

"And this, Costello," announced Abbott, "is Gertrude. I defy you to deny that she is the best looking girl you have ever seen!"

There was no denying it. Gertrude was the most beautiful girl Costello had ever seen. Speechless, he regarded her perfect features. Those clothes! That air of good breeding! Gingerly, he extended a chubby finger and patted that beautiful face.

"Abbott, she is. She's the most beautiful creature ever." He paused a second and sighed like a typhoon raging through the Philippines, "BUT SHE'S WAX!"

The contract dropped from Abbott's disappointed hands, "Gosh, Costello, you are hard to please!"

In his wrath Costello shook like a dish of agitated oatmeal, "Your matrimonial agency is a flop—a fake! Phooey, I'm getting out of here! I can do better than this in Brooklyn!"

"You can?" asked Abbott eagerly. "Has she got a friend for me?"

"Sure. But remember I get the one who speaks English! C'mon!"

The door slammed on their departure. Abbott's Matrimonial Bureau, Branches Paris, London and Hoboken, had dissolved.

NEW Swiss Chalet CLOCK

NEW! DIFFERENT! SENSATIONAL!
Here's BEAUTY! Here's ACTION!
Here's the PERFECT TIMEPIECE!

It's Guaranteed
only \$3.69
2 for \$6.95



**Precision
ELECTRIC
CLOCK**
**Is Accurate
and Dependable**

The electric motor which powers this clever time piece is the quiet kind which requires no winding. There is no hum to disturb your sleep. Just plug it into your electric socket and watch the multi-colored spinning disc whirl away the passing of time.

You'll Love Every Feature Of This New Clock



**Colorful
Whirling
Disc
Revolves
Continuously**



**Native Bird
Adds a
Quaint
Decorative
Touch**



**Realistic-looking
Beautifully Colored
Pot of Flowers
Adorns Each Side
of Chalet**



**Ornamental
Deer's
Head
Is Mounted
Over Clock Dial**

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING ELECTRIC CLOCK VALUE!

Watch the Rainbow Colored Whirling Disc Spin Round and Round as Time Marches On!

Think of the fun and satisfaction that can now be yours with this Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. This new ornamental clock with its colorful and intricate Swiss design, its beautiful molded plastic case and its precision electric movement, will add charm and beauty to any room. Your family and friends will be positively delighted with the striking colors of the painted Alpine Scene which adorns the clear-view, easily read dial of the clock. Made to represent a world renowned Swiss Chalet this lovely clock is unquestionably the most beautiful, the most original and the most useful electric clock ever to be offered for the sensational low price of \$3.69 or two for \$6.95. All the quaint styling of famed Swiss Craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this beautiful chalet replica, from the rustic colored shingles on the roof and the artistic chimney to the latticed windows and mounted deer's head. Even the native bird and the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl are all accurately reproduced. This Swiss Chalet Precision Electric Whirling Clock is made so it can either hang on wall or stand on table. Measures full 6 1/4 inches high. It's unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy and to perform faithfully and accurately.

Don't be disappointed! Don't pass up this buy of a lifetime and be sorry afterwards. Rush your order for one or more Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks today while the supply is still available. First come, first served. Just mail your order on the handy coupon below.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, DEPT. 4737
 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

- ☐ Rush me the new Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. I will pay the postman only \$3.69 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges on arrival with the understanding that I must be delighted in every way or I can return the clock within 10 days for refund.
- ☐ Send me 2 Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks for the special price of only \$6.95 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

- ☐ Enclosed is full payment in advance to save shipping charges. Rush me _____ clocks @ \$3.69 each plus 20% Federal tax (\$4.43) or two clocks for \$6.95 plus 20% Federal tax (\$8.34).

*Nothing
like it!*

GET YOUR FREE MOVIE STAR PICTURES

FREE!



**Send for this NEW 1948
FREE Movie Star Folder
TODAY!**

SEE color pictures—photographs taken in Hollywood—of your favorite movie stars riding their Schwinn-Built Bicycles.

Read what the famous movie stars—like Roy Rogers, Bing Crosby and many others say about these beautiful, easy pedaling bikes.

Pick out the bike you want from the pictures of the latest Schwinn models. See the exclusive features in detail. Write for free Movie Star Folder today.



Look for
this Seal
IT'S YOUR
PROOF
OF QUALITY

FREE! MAIL TODAY!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.
1773-B N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Please Send Me FREE Movie Star Folder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

**RIDE WITH THE STARS ON A
*Schwinn-Built Bicycle***

America's Finest Bicycle

Watch the gang gather 'round to admire your Schwinn-Built Bicycle. You'll be *king of the block* for sure because only Schwinn-Built Bicycles have such exclusive features as Automobile Type Expander Brakes, Knee-action Spring Forks, built-in, patented kickstands and built-in Fenderlights . . . It's features like these that make almost 4 out of 5 boys and girls prefer Schwinn-Built Bicycles over the next leading brand. Examine a Schwinn. See why America's favorite bicycle is *America's Finest Bicycle*.

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.
1773-B N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois